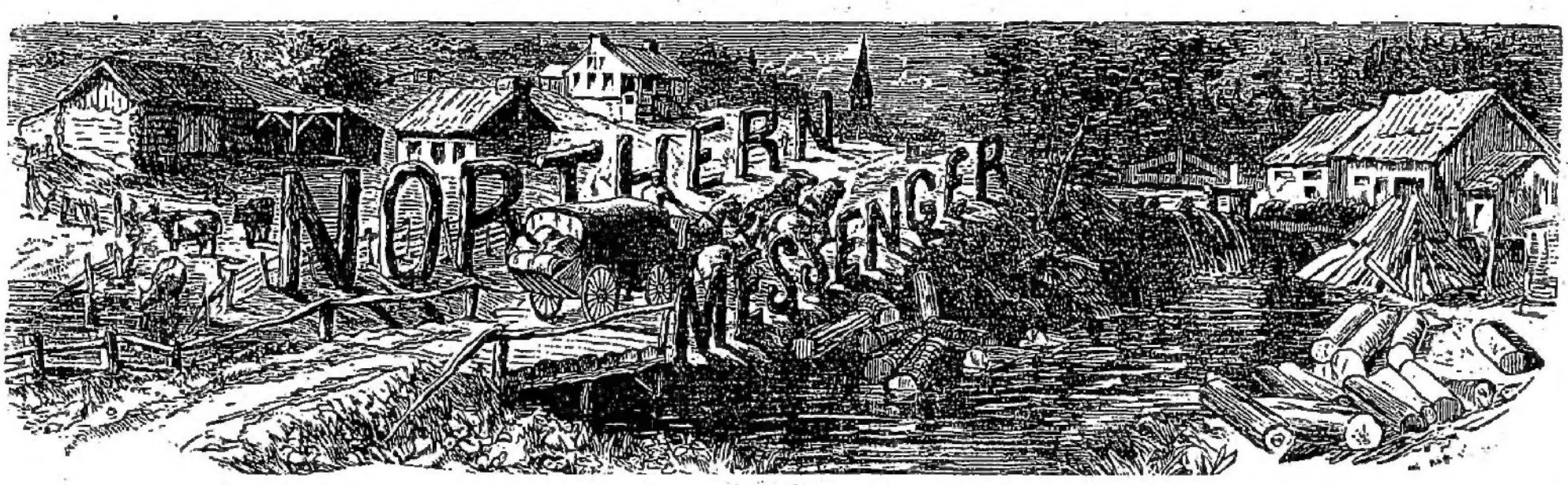


DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND LITERATURE.

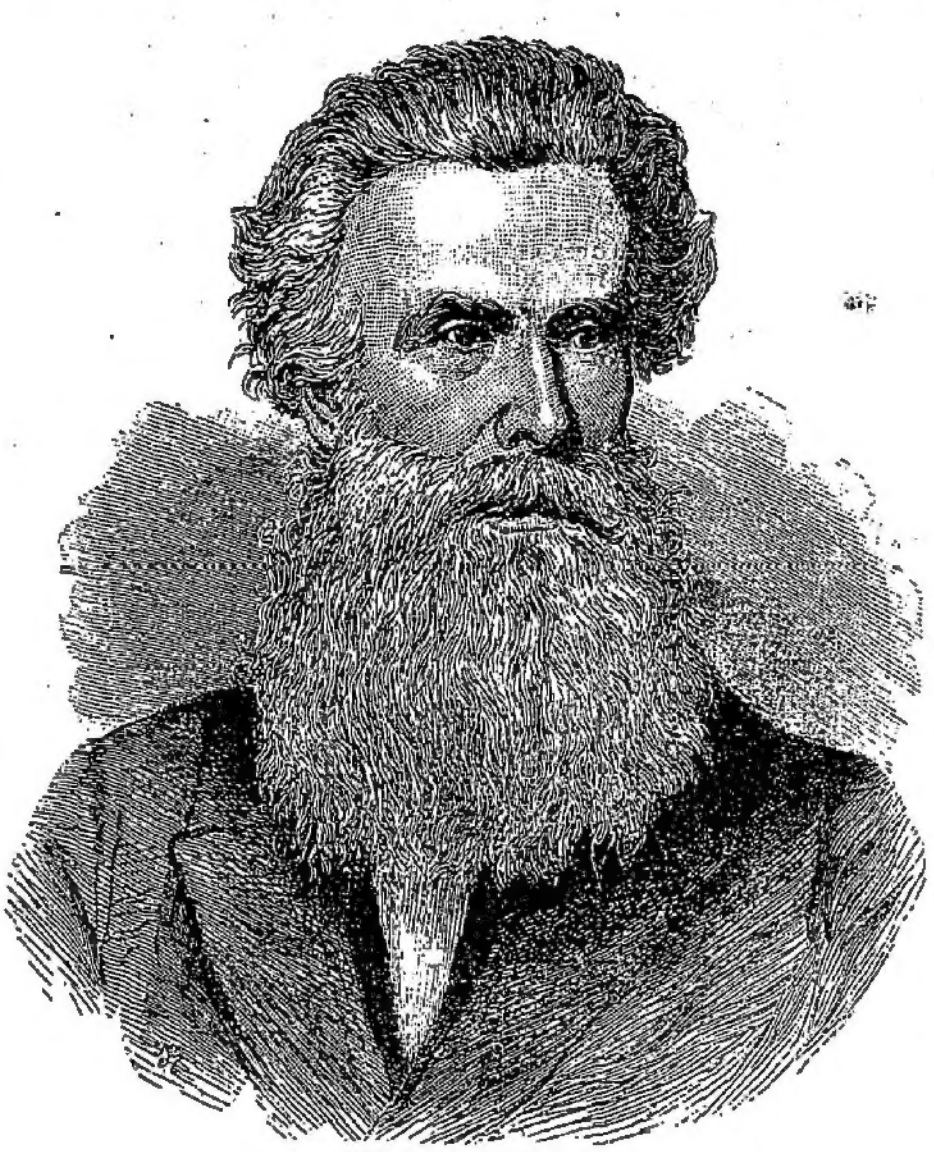
VOLUME XXII., No. 45. MONTREAL & NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 18, 1887. 30 CTS. per An. Post-Paid.

DR. ALEXANDER DUFF.

Speaking of the missionary heroes who have added a special glory to the history of the Victorian era, Mr. Gladstone once said :—"Dr. Duff was one who not only stood in the first rank for intelligence, energy, devotion, and advancement in the inward and spiritual life, among those distinguished and admirable personages, but who likewise labored so intensely in the cause, that he shortened the career which Providence would in all likelihood have otherwise committed to him ; and he has reaped his reward in the world beyond the grave at an earlier date than those whose earthly career is lengthened into a long old age. He was one of the noble army of the confessors of Christ." This is a generous and just tribute from an eminent statesman to an eminent missionary. Dr. Duff's services to the cause of missions can scarcely be exaggerated. In addition to varied and successful labors in the foreign field, he did splendid work by his eloquent writings and spirit-stirring addresses. His influence affected all the evangelical churches of the world ; and to him is due, in no small measure, the revived interest in, and cheerful obedience to, the command of the risen Lord, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature."

Alexander Duff was born in 1806, of poor but godly parents. From the cradle he was trained in the way he should go. His father's teaching told in producing a thoughtfulness and a habit of introspection which marked him out from other boys. At school and college he was very diligent, neglecting no opportunity of gaining knowledge, and winning golden opinions from his professors and fellow-students. What proved to be the crisis of his career came with the appointment of Dr. Chalmers to the chair of Moral Philosophy in his university. Dr. Chalmers had the rare faculty of inspiring with enthusiasm those who sat at his feet ; he filled them with an earnest desire to seek truth for its own sake, and a passion for high thinking and pure living. Burning with evangelistic zeal himself, he sought to imbue his students with the same zeal. Some of them were set apart for teaching in Sabbath-schools ; others were led to devote their spare time to visiting poor families and conducting kitchen-meetings. Through him a Missionary Association was formed, which helped to kindle a fire not yet extinguished, and which, we believe, will never be extinguished, until heathendom is won for Christ. In this Association, and by means of the impulse given by personal contact with Dr. Chalmers, Duff learned lessons to which he was a stranger before. The duty of carrying the light of the Gospel to those who dwelt in the dark places of the earth laid hold of him, and forced him to leave home and friends for India. This was in 1829.

On the voyage out he had to face severe trials. The ship struck on a reef of rocks some forty miles from the Cape of Good Hope, and the safety of the passengers was for a time in doubt. Ultimately they were landed on a small island, whence they were conveyed to the Cape. One incident connected with this disaster made a deep impression on the young missionary's mind. Of several articles belonging to the ill-fated ship, which were washed ashore, the only thing fit for use was a Bible presented to



ALEXANDER DUFF, D.D.

him by his College friends. Its preservation was taken by him as a sign that the proclamation of the truths contained in the Bible, was the work to which he should henceforth consecrate his strength and talents.

Calcutta was his destination. He reached it, after passing through the horrors of another shipwreck and the dangers of a hurricane. With characteristic promptitude, he set himself at once to the difficult task of influencing the natives for good. A way to this end he found in the general desire for English education. He organized an Institution, which started with only five students. But great issues often flow from small beginnings. So it was in this case ; the Institution flourished, and by-and-by it became a power in intellectual circles. In his anxiety to reach the upper and more educated classes of the Indian capital, Mr. Duff projected a course of lectures, in which Natural Theology and Christian Evidences were fully discussed, and in which the Gospel was clearly set forth. Not the least gratifying of the results of these lectures was the conversion and baptism of three or four young men of social standing and more than average mental power, who did much to strengthen and deepen the effect of Mr. Duff's teaching.

As the months rolled on the ice of prejudice and indifference began to melt. The natives were drawn towards the man whose one desire, it was evident, was to do them good. Just when their hearts were opening to the truth, the indefatigable worker was struck down by a dangerous disease. His constitu[illegible]ened by his ceaseless energy. He was ordered home, and the discharge of his duties fell to the colleagues who had by this time gathered round about him.

A calamity often proves a blessing in disguise. The friends of missions mourned Mr. Duff's departure from India as a crushing blow to the cause, but God overruled it to be the means of awakening a widespread missionary enthusiasm in the Church of Scotland. As soon as his health was in some measure restored, Mr. Duff was sent out on a tour throughout the country to plead for heathendom. What he accomplished in that tour we have not space to tell. One whose knowledge of missions entitles his opinion to respect has written, "I declare that Dr. Duff's advocacy of the cause of missions"—referring to the particular advocacy now under consideration —"was more powerful than any advocacy of the same cause that has ever been conducted in any church since the Reformation." The work of the tour began in a speech before the General Assembly of 1835, which thrilled its hearers through and through. The magnetic eloquence of the speaker fascinated his hearers, and his intense earnestness carried conviction to them. They felt that he was right, and they took to their pulpits some of the fire which entered their souls with his memorable appeal. The closing words of that appeal may be quoted as a specimen of its power and of its spirit :—

Let us enter into a "Solemn League and Covenant" before our God in behalf of that benighted land, that we will not rest till the voices of praise and thanksgiving arise in daily orisons from its coral strands, roll over its fertile plains, resound from its smiling valleys and re-echo from its everlasting hills. Thus shall it be proved that the Church of Scotland, though poor, can make many rich, being herself replenished from the fulness of the Godhead ; that the Church of Scotland, though powerless as regards carnal designs and worldly policies, has yet the Divine power of bringing many sons to glory, of calling a spiritual progeny from afar, numerous as the drops of dew in the morning, and resplendent with the shining of the Sun of Righteousness—a noble company of ransomed multitudes that shall hail you in the realms of day, and crown you with the spoils of victory, and sit on thrones, and live, and reign with you amid the splendors of an unclouded universe. May God hasten the day, and put it into the heart of everyone present to engage in the glorious work of realizing it !

In 1840 Dr. Duff began what may be called his second Indian campaign. He flung himself eagerly into the work. In teaching, co-operating with other missionaries writing for the press, and in direct missionary effort, he labored with a zeal which was both a wonder and an inspiration to those who witnessed it. The Divine blessing visibly rested on his activity ;

AUBERT GALLION QUE
JW M Pozer 15 Aug 87

the number of converts increased, and the Institution grew from five to 600 pupils. The Disruption of 1843 gave an impetus to the Mission, although the buildings in which it was formerly carried on had to be abandoned. In 1845 a revival broke out. It lasted for weeks, and many souls were saved. The tide of spiritual success rose so high that Hindoo envy and hatred were provoked. Strenuous efforts were made to cripple the Institution, and to win the converts back to their old faith. Plots were on foot to assassinate Dr. Duff—at least, so it was said. A time of trial, dark and grievous, followed, but the unflinching faith and courage of the missionaries carried them through. In their trouble they realized God's presence, and his presence carried fresh strength into their fainting hearts.

The great importance Dr. Duff attached to mission work was clearly shown in 1848, when he declined to fill the place left vacant by the death of Dr. Chambers. He was unanimously chosen by the Church at home, but he thought it his duty to remain where he was. His decision must have been influenced by the communications which poured in from all kinds of people in India, begging him not to leave the land in which he was doing so much good. The Assembly of 1849 acquiesced in his desision, but asked him to return to Scotland for a time that he might again plead the cause of missions at home. To this he agreed, for he saw how very much depended on keeping alive the missionary sentiment in the Church. He appeared once more on the floor of the Assembly, and began a new crusade with a speech of moving eloquence and heart-stirring earnestness. Money was needed for foreign missions, and he set himself with all his might to the getting of it Wherever he went, he awakened great enthusiasm. Space would fail us were we to attempt to describe how congregations quite callous to the fate of heathendom were quickened by his burning words to pray for and give of their means to carry the Gospel to those who never had the privilege of listening to the story of redeeming love.

He could organize as well as speak. The admirable system according to which contributions to the Foreign Mission funds of the Free Church are collected, owes much to his sagacity. In view of the great good done by the increased operations of that church in the mission field, we feel that if Dr. Duff had done nothing else than plan this scheme, he would have conferred a lasting benefit on the cause he had at heart. But he did more; through his appeals young men were led to dedicate themselves to missionary service, and the standard of Christian consecration was raised.

In 1851 Dr. Duff was elected Moderator of the General Assembly of his church, the highest ecclesiastical distinction he could attain. The honor was at once a fitting recognition of his personal merits and of the importance of mission work. In 1854 Dr. Duff went to America, where he was received with open arms. The labors he undertook were herculean, but his indefatigable energy carried him through them. In the New World as well as in the Old, he was a man of one idea. "Rescue the perishing" was his motto and his aim. That his missionary addresses were not in vain, is amply borne out by the after history of American missions.

In 1856 Dr Duff returned to India. The welcome he met with was overwhelming in its heartiness. His third campaign opened brightly, but it was clouded in the following year by the terrible Mutiny. That event, gloomy as it looked at the time, helped in the end to further the cause of Christ. Order was evolved out of chaos, and a new start was taken in India's history. It was fortunate that Dr. Duff was on the spot at this critical period. He enjoyed the confidence of both Europeans and natives, and his advice was generally acted on. So it came about that his last years in India were devoted to reforms of a special nature. Ruled himself by the teaching of Christ, he sought to infuse into every question he handled, the spirit of his Master.

In 1863 the veteran missionary bade a final farewell to the land he loved and had served so well. He was called to the Convenership of the Foreign Mission Committee of the church at home, and he could not refuse the call. We cannot linger on the work he did in this capacity, nor can we speak of the power he wielded as Professor of Evangelistic Theology in the Free Church College of Edinburgh. For fifteen years after his return from India he toiled with all his old earnestness and enthusiasm on behalf of the millions of heathendom. On February 12, 1878, he passed from the earthly to the heavenly service, leaving behind a record and an example for which all Christian workers are grateful.

This is but a mere outline of a great and honored life. We make no attempt to estimate the work done by Alexander Duff. The Day alone can declare the results of his labors. Most men, when dead, require monuments to keep their memory alive; but Alexander Duff is not of the number. The missionary enthusiasm of Scotland, and the missionary progress of India, unite in building for him a monument far more enduring than any that could be erected in brass or stone.—*The Christian.*

YOUNG PEOPLE'S PRAYER MEETING.

HOW THE COMMITTEE SHOULD GO TO WORK.

Having been asked for such information in several letters, I venture to give a few directions. Of couse it is impossible to give an answer applicable to every need, but I trust some of the following may be helpful.

1. Meet together to map out the work and talk over our duties. This meeting together will, of itself, suggest definite plans of work. Meet regularly, once a month, or once a week. The trouble with many committees is that they never meet together; and how can they expect success?

2. Pray over the matter. Kneel down, and let each of the committee offer a brief prayer.

3. Make out a list of topics for three months, and assign leaders. Assign a young lady and a young gentleman alternately to lead meetings. Don't forget the boys. It does a young boy good to take his place.

4. Let each member get a book (mine costs me two cents), and write the names of the members down. Then divide up the list and let each member have special care, in prayer and thought, for the names assigned to him. Go to such before a meeting, remind them of the subject, and urge them to take part. If some are likely not to prepare, sit down and write a verse on a bit of paper, go to the member, show it to him, and urge him, or her, to learn it and repeat it. If he does, encourage him afterwards. Let these lists rotate, so that each member of the committee shall have a different set each month. (N.B. This should be done unostentatiouely, and no one save the committee ought to know anything about it.)

5. Let the prayer-meeting committee be always on hand, and always in time. As you see members in the hall or on the street mention the meeting, the topic, and urge to participation at the first of the meeting. Speak to a few about taking part early.

6. Let the prayer-meeting committee have brief remarks in reserve, to be ready for any pauses in the meeting.

7. If possible, let the prayer-meeting committee gather together ten minutes before the meeting each week, for a very brief season of prayer.

8. The prayer-meeting committee may further the work of the Master by consulting together, and inviting all young people who do not attend any prayer-meeting, to the young people's meeting. A single evening spent together in writing out a list of those who are never found in the meeting of prayer, and then assigning them to various members of the committee to be seen, will be invaluable to the society. After they are thus introduced to the meeting, it will fall to the social committee to bid them welcome; and in due time the look-out Committee will endeavor to bring them into still closer relation, as associate or active members.

9. Most of all, the prayer-meeting committee should endeavor to win to the Saviour all who are not His. In character, in desire, in effort, this committee should be earnestly consecrated.

10. Moreover, as being members of the church, this committee should labor with their brothers and sisters, both to be present and to participate at the week-day church prayer-meeting.

It will be seen that no prayer-meeting committee can complain of lack of sphere to work. And not least, to see that on no week does the leader fail, and yourselves to set the example, of participation. This is the homely, but constant, duty, or ought I not rather say, privilege?—*Golden Rule.*

WORLDLY CHRISTIANS.

A dancing Christian felt it his duty to try and win one of his many associates to Christ. "Oh!" says he, "I long to see you a Christian." "For what?" "Why, for salvation. Don't you want to be saved?" "Yes, I do." "Do you pray?" "No, do you?" "Yes," said the 'Name-to-live,' "I pray for you." "For me! When, I'd like to know? Monday night you were at the dance; Tuesday night, I met you at the ball; Wednesday night, I saw you at the sociable, and like the rest of us, you carried on; Thursday night, I don't know where you were, but if cards could testify, they would tell what you and I were up to until two o'clock Friday night, and now it is Saturday, and for the life of me, I can't tell what time you've had for prayer this week, or when you could have felt like it. As far as I can see, you seek your happiness just where I do—in the world and the things of the world." What a great amount of money is spent by people who have "renounced the world," attending theatres, circuses, &c. Not long ago, at a ring performance in a tent in Virginia, the circus clown addressed the audience:—"We have taken in $600 here to-day, more than most ministers of the gospel receive for a whole year's service. A large portion of this audience is made up of members of the church. And yet, when your minister asks you to aid him in supporting the Gospel, you are too poor to give anything. But you come here and pay dollars to hear me talk nonsense. I am a fool because I am paid for it. You profess to be wise, and yet you support me in my folly. Now, isn't this a pretty place for Christians to be in? Don't you feel ashamed of yourselves? You ought to."

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(*From International Question Book.*)

LESSON XI.—DECEMBER 11.

PARABLE OF THE TARES.—MATT. 13: 24-30.

COMMIT VERSES 27-30.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The harvest is the end of the world; and the reapers are the angels.—Matt. 13: 39.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

The good and evil are together in this world, but at last each shall find his own place and his own reward.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Matt. 13: 24-43.
T. Gen. 3: 1-15.
W. Acts 8: 5-24.
Th. Ps. 37: 1-20.
F. Ps. 37: 1-14.
Sa. Rev. 19: 1-20.
Su. Rev. 21: 1-4; 21-27.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

24. PARABLE—a fictitious story, true to nature, teaching a spiritual truth. THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN—the new order of things which Christ came to establish, ruled by the principles of heaven. GOOD SEED—Christians, the children of the kingdom, so called because they bring forth good fruit and are the means of making others good. IN HIS FIELD—the field is the world. 25. WHILE MEN SLEPT—In the night; perhaps when Christians are careless and ignorance prevails. HIS ENEMY—the wicked one, Satan. TARES—a species of grass which looks when growing very much like wheat, but whose seeds are poisonous. The tares are the children of the wicked one, having his nature and deeds; hypocrites. 26. THEN APPEARED THE TARES—When the fruit came it was easy to distinguish between the tares and the wheat, for the grains are very different, though the young plants are alike. Fruit, not professions, proves who are good. 29. LEST YE ROOT UP ALSO THE WHEAT—the wheat and the tares at first looked so much alike, that they would be sure to make *many mistakes, and* injure the harvest. Moreover, the roots of the two were often intertwined. 30. THE HARVEST is the end of the world, or rather age, a dispensation, which ends at the judgment. THE REAPERS are the angels. TARES, TO BURN THEM—fire expresses the intensity of the punishment and that there is no escape. The wicked are punished as tares are burned, (1) because they deserve it; (2) to keep evil from increasing and destroying others. THE WHEAT INTO MY BARN—the good into the kingdom of heaven, where they shall shine forth as the sun, glorious and happy in themselves, and giving light and life and cheer to all around.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Where was this parable spoken? Under what circumstances?

SUBJECT: THE GOOD AND THE BAD TO BE SEPARATED AT LAST, EACH TO HIS OWN PLACE.

I. THE GOOD SEED (v. 24).—What is the kingdom of heaven? To what does Christ liken it in this parable? Who is the one who sowed the good seed? (v. 37.) Why is Christ called the Son of Man? What is the field where the seed was sown? (v. 38.) What is Christ's purpose in sowing this field? (Tit. 2: 14; John 3: 17.) Who are the good seed? Why are Christians called the children of the kingdom? In what respects are Christians like good seed?

II. THE TARES (v. 25).—What are tares? Who sowed them? By what were they known as tares instead of wheat? Who are like these tares? (v. 38.) In what respects? Why are they called the children of the wicked one? (John 8: 41-44.)

III. THE WHEAT AND TARES GROWING TOGETHER (vs. 28-29).—What did the servants propose to do? Why were they told to let wheat and tares grow together? Why cannot we always distinguish the good from the bad? What benefit comes to the evil from this growing together? (Matt. 5: 16; 1 Pet. 2: 12.) What to the good? (Jas. 1: 12; Matt. 5: 10-12.)

What is represented by the wicked one's sowing the tares in the night? Does the command to let the wheat and tares grow together forbid all church discipline? (1 Cor. 5: 9-11; 2 Thess. 3: 6, 14, 15.) Does it forbid all persecution?

IV. EACH TO HIS OWN REWARD AT LAST (v. 30).—How long did the wheat and tares grow together? What was done with the tares? Why? When is the world's harvest? Meaning of "the end of the world"? Who are the reapers? What becomes of those who are like tares? In what respects is the punishment of sin like fire? Does God desire to have any suffer so much? (Ezek. 18: 32.) Why must the wicked be shut out of God's kingdom? What is the reward of the righteous? (Verse 43.) In what respects will the good shine like the sun? What have we been told about this reward? (Daniel 12: 3; Rev. 21: 1-4, 21-27; 22: 1-5.)

LESSON XII.—DECEMBER 18.

OTHER PARABLES.—MATT. 13: 31-33; 44-52

COMMIT VERSES 44-46.

GOLDEN TEXT.

So shall it be at the end of the world; the angels shall come forth, and sever the wicked from among the just.—Matt. 13: 49.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

The kingdom of heaven from small beginnings is growing great and leavening the world.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Matt. 13: 31-36.
T. Matt. 13: 44-58.
W. Mark 4: 24-34.
Th. Dan. 2: 31-45.
F. 2 Thess. 2: 1-17.
Sa. Rev. 20: 1-15.
Su. Matt. 25: 31-46.

PARALLEL ACCOUNT.—Vs. 31-33 with Mark 4: 30-32, and v. 33 with Luke 13: 20, 21.

CIRCUMSTANCES.—Jesus continues his series of parables to the people on the shore. The first two parables in the lesson were spoken to them; the others to the disciples alone after the multitudes had been dismissed and Jesus had returned to the house.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

31. MUSTARD SEED—the seed of the common mustard plant, which grows much larger in the East than here, sometimes ten or fifteen feet high. 33. LEAST OF ALL SEEDS—i.e., of seeds they were accustomed to plant. 33. Leaven—sour dough, with which the women in the East leavened their bread. It worked secretly, but changed a large mass into its own nature. 44. TREASURE HID IN A FIELD—in that country where there were no banks, but robbers were plenty and wars frequent, treasures were often buried in a field in a secret place. Sometimes the owner was slain, or died far away, and no one knew where the treasure was hidden. 49. END OF THE WORLD—of the age or dispensation; at the day of judgment. 52. SCRIBE—one who studied and taught religious things. THINGS NEW—because seen in a new light, by means of a new experience, or new study and new applications.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Where were the parables of this lesson spoken? To whom?

SUBJECT: VARIOUS ASPECTS OF THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.

I. ITS GROWTH FROM SMALL BEGINNINGS (vs. 31, 32).—To what did Jesus next compare the kingdom of heaven? How does a mustard seed compare with other seeds? How large does the mustard plant grow in the East?

Who is the sower? Where is the field? What is the seed? How does this comparison illustrate the beginning of the kingdom of heaven in the world? In the soul? How does it express the growth of the kingdom? How does this parable illustrate the growth of most reforms? Give examples.

II. THE METHOD OF ITS GROWTH (v. 33).—What was the next comparison? In what respects is the kingdom of heaven like leaven? How does leaven work? What does this teach us about the way the Gospel progresses in the world? About the success of the Gospel? How does this parable apply to reforms and right ideas?

III. DISCOVERING ITS PRECIOUSNESS (vs. 44-46).—Why was treasure often hidden in the fields in the East? What did those do who found it? What did the finder do to obtain it? In what respects is the kingdom of heaven like a treasure? If hidden from any, what must we do to obtain it? What are some of "the goodly pearls" men in this world are seeking? What is the pearl of great price? Must this be sought? What price must be paid to gain it?

IV. COMMINGLING AND SEPARATION (vs. 47-52).—What further comparison did Jesus use? What is represented by the sea? By the fishes? How long do the good and the bad remain together? When will the separation be made? What will become of the bad? What of the good?

LESSON CALENDAR.

(*Fourth Quarter, 1887.*)

1. Oct. 2.—The Centurion's Faith. Matt. 8: 5-13.
2. Oct. 9.—The Tempest Stilled. Matt. 8: 18-27.
3. Oct. 16.—Power to Forgive Sins. Matt 9: 1-8.
4. Oct. 23.—Three Miracles. Matt. 9: 18-31.
5. Oct. 30.—The Harvest and the Laborers. Matt. 9: 35-38, and 10: 1-8.
6. Nov. 6.—Confessing Christ. Matt. 10: 32-42.
7. Nov. 13.—Christ's Witness to John. Matt. 11: 2-15.
8. Nov. 20.—Judgment and Mercy. Matt. 11: 20-30.
9. Nov. 27.—Jesus and the Sabbath. Matt. 12: 1-14.
10. Dec. 4.—Parable of the Sower. Matt. 13: 1-9.
11. Dec. 11.—Parable of the Tares. Matt. 13: 24-30.
12. Dec. 18.—Other Parables. Matt. 13: 31-33, (and 44-52.
13. Dec. 25.—Review and Christmas Lesson.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

CONVENIENCES IN THE KITCHEN.

BY S. E. TODD.

Very few families have one-half the conveniences to facilitate their culinary labors which they might possess if they would exercise only a little wise forethought and careful calculation. The truth is the domestics on whom the burden of household labor rests from year to year, are often kept nearly jaded out on account of the fatigue required to travel from one room to another, which are often far apart, when they should be near each other.

A neighbor, whose family we hold in high estimation and whose wife and daughters have done their own work for many years past, has a commodious upright part to his dwelling about thirty-eight feet long in front by twenty-six feet wide. There is a hall and stairway across the middle with a living-room and bedroom on one side of the hall and parlor and bedroom on the other side. At one end of his house an addition, twenty feet long by eighteen wide, was put up for a dining-room and closet for dishes. At one end of this addition another building, eighteen feet long by sixteen wide, was hitched on for a kitchen, so that the parlor, hall, living-room and kitchen were all arranged in a line, and from the end of the parlor to the farther side of the kitchen the distance is about seventy-five feet, or twenty-five yards. Respected reader, take a yard-stick and measure twenty-five yards on the ground and you will get a fair idea of the immense distance which must necessarily be travelled by his hard-working wife, (who is now lying in the cemetery,) while performing her domestic duties. To render a bad arrangement still worse, as one went from the living apartment to the dining-room, he was required to descend three steps.

Now for the improvements by way of saving so much physical energy travelling from the living-room to the kitchen. In cold weather the parlor is always warmed by a heater in the hall. Hence, it was concluded to use the parlor for a living room and appropriate the present apartment for dining-room. The bedroom adjoining this dining-room was then fitted up for a kitchen. This room is ten feet wide by sixteen feet long. A doorway was made from the kitchen into the hall; and another doorway was opened at the opposite end through the outer wall to a veranda. At one corner of the kitchen a neat corner-closet was put up. At the opposite corner a china-closet, four feet broad and twenty inches deep, was made. At another corner the cistern pump was placed at the end of the sink. Between the sink and china closet a flour-box and low closets, as high as the sink, were made, over which there is a broad cover which subserves the use of a table. The cooking-stove is placed near one corner of the kitchen. By this arrangement they have secured a convenient and commodious kitchen, which, together with the appliances and close proximity to the dining-room, will save miles of travel every year, while the value of many arrangements cannot be computed in dollars and cents. Those two additions are not needed. They never were a necessity as there was sufficient room in the main part of the house.—*Christian at Work.*

YOUNG GIRLS IN THE STREET.

Sitting at my window in this quiet Vermont village my attention is attracted by the number of young girls passing and repassing often. I watch them go in and out of the post-office and stores, or collect in groups at the crossings and their merry laughter rings out on the clear winter air. They often pause at my window for a merry word. It is a joy to see their fresh young faces. But when this is repeated every afternoon and evening, and even part of the Sabbath given to walking or riding for pleasure, how soon do these young misses form the habit of going from home for every recreation.

The subject of home training of girls has long been agitated, and many careful mothers teach their daughters to do part of the household work. This is well, but are they taught to find employment for their leisure hours at home? I think that the street, as dangerous as it is to the morals of the young, is not as dangerous as the habit formed of depending entirely on others for happiness. Be company for yourself. This may sound egotistical, but children may be trained to spend many happy hours alone.

I would not go to the other extreme, and debar our girls from all companions outside their homes, or never let them be seen on the street, but I insist that there is a golden mean in this matter, and because it is easier to let them go, many mothers thoughtlessly allow it, and soon their girls are beyond their control in this matter.

I know a young girl who complains that it is so lonely to sit at home. If she paints, or practices music, and she is not lacking in these accomplishments, she must have some schoolmate with her. No long quiet afternoons with mamma in the pleasant sitting-room. Now, certainly, the mother is very much to blame in this matter. Where are the quiet, home-loving wives and mothers of the next generation to come from.

If God has blessed you with fair young daughters, early teach them to find in their home the most happiness, and there, yourself, be companion, be helper, be everything to them. I contend that the mother should live for her husband and children. This may be very old-fashioned, but it is the blessed old-fashion of God himself. While the children are in the home nest they should have the first claim on her time and thoughts. All too soon our boys will be bearded men, and our dear little girls away making homes for others, and we sit with folded hands. Plenty of time then for nicely kept rooms, and the gay fancy work that used to tempt us, or the calls of society, but now is our time. Neglect, if need be, all these, but never for a moment neglect the boys and girls.—*Household.*

HOW TO TREAT A CHILD'S FEARS.

"Mamma," called out a little boy the other night, after he had been snugly tucked up in bed and was supposed to be far on the way toward sleep—"mamma, I'm afraid! my blouse hangs by the window and it puts things in my mind that frightens me!"

"You are not afraid when you know it is your blouse that puts the fears in your mind?"

"Yes; and I can't help it, mamma."

There were two ladies sitting in the room below who heard the boy's words. One said: "How perfectly absurd! What won't a child do to get his mother to come up stairs to him! I really think he ought to be punished for making up such a story as that." The other, happily, was the boy's mother, and she said—but without going to him: "If you are afraid of the things in your mind you may get out of bed light your candle, and take the blouse down; you can look after you put the light out and see that there is nothing at the window to frighten a good boy."

She remembered, as if it were but yesterday, a night, a great many years ago, when she lay a trembling, horrified child, whose mother was dead, and there was no one in the wide world to whom she dared to say that the lights and shadows made by the moonlight coming through a broken slat in the blind were so frightful to her that she could not sleep, but lay holding her breath and almost smothering beneath the clothes. She felt sure that her own little six-years old boy was suffering from the same unreasonable terror, at which he would laugh in the morning when he would awake and see his blue blouse waiting for him. The child, taking his mother's advice and lighting the candle which a kindly freak of fashion allowed him to have, removed the cause of his terror, put out the light and went back to his bed, and in a very few minutes a profound silence indicated that he was fast asleep.

One can easily feel sympathy for what may seem like an absurd whim in a child if he or she has paid any attention to the literature of nervousness, and knows anything of the many ways in which strong-minded men have been afflicted by hallucinations, or have been annoyed as was the old carpenter who, when sick, called his son to his bedside and asked him to make a shelf that was in his room perfectly true, and when the son remonstrated, he said, with an expression not to be denied: "Trouble's trouble; that shelf must be changed." It is to be deplored that mothers, and all those who have the care of children, do not possess their complete confidence, and so can encourage entire outspokenness, and be enabled by the knowledge thus gained to prevent a morbid condition of the mind, which it may take years to outgrow.—*Evening Post.*

TIDY CLOSETS.

In every linen closet there should be a corner for old clothes, worn-out garments, discarded under-wear, and hopelessly frayed linen. These should be torn into pieces of available size and put up in neat rolls.

The preserve closet should be dark and cool. Canned fruits, jellies, and jams are prone to darken by exposure to the light, and ferment and sour if kept in too warm a place. The taller glass jars should be placed at the back of the shelves, with the labels on them high enough up to be seen over the jelly glasses ranged in front. The large *stone crocks are safest on the floor; it is* hardly worth while to tempt Providence by overtaxing even the stoutest shelves. Every jar, tumbler, and cup should be so legibly marked that the nature of its contents may be determined by a single flash of a match Pickles should have their own corner, distinct from that allotted to sweet conserves. The shelves should be examined once a fortnight for any sign of the sticky dripping that indicates fermentation of the jams or preserves. Such vigilance will render it possible to check the mischief before it has gone so far as to be irremediable.

Clothes closets are not often as neat as those hitherto mentioned. It is hard to keep any place that is in such constant and hasty use as are these in apple-pie order. Still, they may be in a state very far removed from the utter confusion into which they often degenerate. When possible, one side of each closet should be fitted with large drawers, in which may be laid delicate dresses, extra under-clothing that has no place in the bureau, furs in winter, and thin gowns in summer, nor should shelves be lacking for hat-boxes, etc. The indispensable shoe-bag has already been mentioned. There should be hooks in abundance, and double ones at that. By using these, the skirts may be hung on the lower pegs and the waists on the upper ones, thus preventing the latter from becoming crushed and tumbled.

Closets filled with dresses that are in regular service are apt to grow close and musty. To avoid this, gowns should never be put away immediately upon taking them off; they should receive a good shaking, and be spread out to air for a while. This is especially necessary in warm weather. Even this is not sufficient to keep the closet sweet and clean without giving it an occasional airing. To accomplish this, all the dresses should be taken down and shaken in another room, while that in which the closet is should be left with the window and closet door wide open for a couple of hours. Handsome dresses that are infrequently worn should be protected from dust even in the closet by a sheet or curtain hung over them.

Soiled clothes should never be kept in a bedroom closet. They render it unsavory, with an odor that clings when the offending cause has been removed. The hamper for these should stand in the bath-room, or in a corner where there is a free circulation of air. They should never be put where they are liable to fall a prey to mice or cockroaches. These will scent food that has been spilled upon garments, or even the starch in them, and make a feast of it, devouring the fabric as well.

In every house there must be a lumber closet. To avoid rendering this a receptacle for a heap of miscellaneous rubbish, it is advisable to make a number of bags to hold the odds and ends relegated to this cubby. There must be a bag for white rags and another for colored, one for newspapers, another for pieces of dress goods, another for wrapping-paper and twine. By means of these catch-alls the closet that is usually the bug bear of the house-keeper may be kept in as trim order as any other in her domain. —*Harper's Bazar.*

DEPEND UPON IT, in the midst of all the science about the world and its ways, and all the ignorance of God and his greatness, the man or woman who can say, "Thy will be done," with the true heart of giving up, is nearer the secret of things than the geologist and the theologist.—*Geo. MacDonald.*

RECIPES.

TO GET RID OF RED ANTS.—Wet a large sponge in sweetened water, press it just enough so it will not drip, lay it where the ants inhabit, leave a few hours, then drop it into a basin of hot water. Repeat the process till there is not one left to tell the tale.

RICE FRUIT PUDDING.—One large teacup rice, a little water to cook it partially; dry; line an earthen basin with the rice; fill up with quartered apple, or any fruit you choose. Cover with rice. Tie a cloth over the top, and steam one hour. To be eaten with sweet sauce. Do not butter the dish.

VEGETABLE STEW, WITH MEAT BALLS.—Cut some carrots in small square, also some turnips. Place a piece of butter in saucepan, thicken it very little, and amalgamate with water, and put in vegetables, with a dozen small onions and a small handful of chopped parsley, pepper and salt. Let simmer for three quarters of an hour. Half a spoonful of a plain sauce will not be bad added to it

MEAT BALLS.—Take cold meat or canned meat, chop very fine, mix with fine sweet herbs, pepper, salt, and a little chopped lemon peel. Some bread crumbs, finely chopped suet, and combine with two yolks of egg. Make into balls, flour and frizzle in a little lard, butter preferred, when the balls are done, dish up stew and balls round it.

DRIED BEEF WITH EGGS.—For a family of four use nearly a pound of thinly shaved beef; if the beef is very salt pour over it some boiling water and let it stand for a few minutes, then drain off the water; have a frying-pan well buttered and browned, add the beef, cook a few moments, and add, just before taking from the fire, two well beaten eggs, mix them through the beef, cook just long enough so that the eggs are not overdone. This makes a very nice breakfast or lunch dish.

PUZZLES.

AN ENDLESS CHAIN. *(Seven Links).*

(The last two letters of each word are the first two of the following one).

I.
I'm found in many a tropic sea,
And Arctic bays are known to me.

II.
Thro' sun and storm my help I give
To clothe the naked while I live.

III.
To distant lands, which, often sought
As oft recede, I lead your thought.

IV.
As I am always marked in space
'Tis plain I'm found in every place.

V.
My name will tell while centuries fast
Whence wise men came in ages past.

VI.
Though I'm a gentle motion here,
An uproar often I appear.

VII.
In nature's loveliest hues arrayed
My life is short—I'm born to fade.

RHOMBOID.

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ACROSS.—1. Infection in the air. 2. A great desert. 3. Pairing. 4. A wish. 5. To run away. 6. Freshest.

DOWN.—1. In dame. 2. A neuter verb. 3. A Dutch measure of liquids. 4. A fish. 5. Matched. 6. The past tense of to get up. 7. An aromatic plant mentioned in the Bible. 8. Increased. 9. Before. 10. Two consonants in station. 11. In date.

WHAT IS IT?

Half-way in and half-way out
Of its tiny house,
Nearly all the time, no doubt,
Still as any mouse.

But quite suddenly, maybap,
It will turn around,
Say abruptly, "Click!" or "Clack!"
Make a rattling sound.

Very fond of keeping still
In his little home,
It will go, too—if you will—
Anywhere you roam!

Keep on its right side and learn
'Tis a ticklish sprite;
Or, perhaps, it will take a turn—
Shut you out some night!

Are you wondering where and how
This strange thing can be?
Well—*you should not puzzle now*—
For you must have got the key.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN LAST NUMBER.

AN INSECT'S RIDDLE.—Katydid.

STAR PUZZLE.—

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        C
      O R
  H E R R A G E
    E A     R X
      O       A
    L T     M D
  E L A T I N E
      R N
        E
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CHARADE.—Pick-wick.

NUMERICAL CHARADE.—Propagate, (prop-n gate.)

The Family Circle.

A LITTLE RED BOX—A SONG OF MITES.

MRS. N. C. ALGER.

This little red box in my hand
Is as empty as it can be.
It makes no noise at all, at all,
Though I shake it hard, as you see.

I wish it were full, don't you?
Of pennies, and quarters and dimes,
But wishing will not make it full,
For I've tried it so many times.

Just think how much good it would do,
If this little red box were full,
How many an ignorant child
Might be sent to a mission school?

It makes me most ready to cry,
When I hear the stories they tell
Of children who don't know at all
Of Jesus, who loves them so well.

I wish I could help them some way,
Now listen, I've thought of a plan—
I'll pass my red box 'round the room,
And ask all to give what they can.

I think you'll each give a little,
I'll get my box full I believe,
For Jesus once told the people
'Tis more blessed to give than receive.

The one who speaks this should shake the box as mentioned in the first stanza, and if speaking in a Church, "room" in the fifth stanza should be changed to Church.

ABOVE HER LITTLE GRAVE.

BY H. B. MACKENZIE, GLASGOW.

Jennet Earlston walked into her husband's studio one cold morning in December, well wrapped up in furs, and with her fair, haughty face rising from among them like a white lily. By the hand she led her only child, little Tottie, the daintiest baby girl one ever set eyes upon, and the darling of her father's heart.

Earlston looked up from his easel, and let his eye rest for a moment on wife and child. They were fair possessions as ever delighted the soul of artist husband and father; yet Earlston did not look happy as his eyes dwelt on them. A heavy frown gathered on his brow, as he said—"Is it possible you are mad enough to take Tottie out on a day like this, Jennet? It is the height of folly!"

"Indeed!" Mrs. Earlston retorted in chilly tones. "I have no doubt you think so, Lawrence; I have not the slightest doubt you wish to deprive your wife of any small pleasure she may desire. But, seeing you cannot deny yourself the degrading pleasures you find at night away from your wife and child, it is possible I may refuse to deny myself my enjoyment."

The cloud on Lawrence Earlston's brow grew heavier.

"If you wish to win me from these degrading pleasures, as you call them, Jennet, you certainly do not go the right way about it. Punishing a man for his folly will never win him from it."

"Will it not?" said Jennet, with studied indifference. "If not, I am afraid you may expect any other mode of treatment in vain, Lawrence. I shall not be home for luncheon. Come Tottie." And, taking her child by the hand, Mrs. Earlston swept out of the room. Her husband looked after her with angry eyes; and no sooner had the door closed on her than he rose, went to a sideboard which stood in the studio, and taking from it a decanter, poured himself out a glass of wine, and drank it off. This was Lawrence Earlston's unfailing comfort after a disagreement with his wife—and alas! these had been too frequent of late. Earlston had little thought when he asked beautiful Jennet Kean to be his wife how many angry words would come to be exchanged between them. He had loved her as an artist loved a thing of beauty; but he had known little of her haughty temper, her chilling manner, her forbidding and repressing coldness. So, when the novelty of his new life had worn off Earlston had taken refuge, as many another easy-principled young man has done, with the boon companions of his bachelorhood, who were all gay young fellows, frequenters of such places as the "Earthly Paradise," and keepers of late and fast hours. Jennet was deeply wounded. She was not a total abstainer, nor had she ever given the matter a thought; but to see her husband, whom in her secret heart she had thought a very hero, degrade himself to the level of "fast" young manhood burned into her haughty spirit like fire. Once or twice Earlston had come home "the worse" of wine. Jennet had shut herself up in her cold reserve, thus taking the most effective step to drive her husband still further wrong.

Only last night—Jennet's soul seemed to go on fire yet as she thought of it—Lawrence had come home, not the worse—certainly not the better—but stupid, what Jennet in another would have called tipsy; she could not bring herself to say it of him. He was never angry at such times, only stupidly jovial and good-natured; the anger came afterwards. Jennet knew this, and made up her mind to leave him the next day to his anger alone.

She had some calls to make; she ordered the little pony-carriage, and seating herself and the child in it, rolled towards the town, for the Earlstons lived in one of the pleasantest of the suburbs of Edinburgh. It was one of these bitterly cold days so common in our northern metropolis, when the east wind seems to cut into one's very bones, and seize on the vitals with a freezing chill. Jennet felt it herself, and shivered; but she was too young a mother to think that it could do any real harm to baby Tottie, who sat with glowing cheeks, chattering in her childish way as she watched the passers by. Mrs. Earlston's last visit was to an acquaintance of her dead mother's who had always taken a deep interest in the motherless girl.

"My bairn," said Mrs. Lawrie, hastening forward to salute her visitor, "out on a day like this with Tottie. Oh, that's a foolish-like thing, Jennet! It's freezing cold outside."

"Do you think it will do her any harm?" Jennet asked, with suddenly blanching cheek.

"I hope not, lassie; but it's a risk. What made you come out to-day?—not for pleasure, I'm sure."

"No," said Mrs. Earlston with bitterness; "I came out to escape what I knew was brewing for me at home if I waited there."

"Don't speak in that way, Jennet," said the older lady. "It vexes me to hear that tone you've begun to use of late. What's the matter, lassie? Is there anything come between you and Earlston?"

"What should come between me and my husband?" retorted Jennet, haughtily. But the kindness of the elder woman overcame her at last, and the whole terrible story came out.

Mrs. Lawrie sat silent for a few minutes regarding the proud young face before her with a look of tenderness and pity. At last she said:

"Jennet, you've been making a great mistake, child. You think to punish your husband for his folly, and instead of that you're driving him further wrong with your proud obstinacy. Ah, Jennet, you little know what you're doing in raising up a barrier like this between the two that should be one heart, one flesh. Never will ye win a man from evil courses by proud indifference, lassie."

"What would you have me do?" asked Jennet, interlacing the slim fingers that rested in her lap.

"There's but one think ye can do—go hand-in-hand with him in trying to cure him of this evil habit. Unless it has got a very strong hold on him, you're surely able, two of you, to fight it down. Do you use wine at home?"

"Yes," Mrs. Earlston answered.

"Then give it up, Jennet—I'm warning you, mind—give it up at once, and for ever. Don't think, because you are people of taste and refinement you're above putting yourselves on a level with those who find total abstinence their only safety. Believe me, my dear, it is the only safety. I've been a total abstainer these fifteen years, ever since my poor boy Willie ran into evil ways that ended, as all evil ways do, in death." The mother's voice trembled as she spoke. "Take my advice, my dear, go home to your husband and be a truer wife to him than you've been. Help him to fight his enemy, don't stand aside haughtily, and see him go down to ruin, without trying to save him. And you have done wrong in taking that child out to indulge your own wicked temper. Take her home, Jennet, and at once."

The motherly, though not the wifely, instinct of Jennet was roused. She took Tottie home. In the hall she met Earlston going out.

"Mark my words, Jennet, you will regret this day's work," he said, "if you have hurt the child to satisfy your malice against me, you must bear the consequences. And now, I am going out—at least I do not harm others when I do so."

He went, banging the hall-door after him. Jennet, with anger and remorse burning in her heart, took the child up to the nursery.

All the afternoon the child was hot and restless and peevish, and Jennet was miserable. She put her early to bed, and went down-stairs, ostensibly to read, really to wait for her husband. She did not like the hurried breathing and flushed cheeks of the little one; but she knew nothing about children's ailments, and the nurse, a foolish young girl, was equally ignorant. If only Lawrence would return sober! But as time went on, her hopes of that grew fainter and fainter. At last she heard the familiar check-key being turned, and the next moment, flushed, excited, with unsteady step, Lawrence Earlston swung himself into the room. Jennet saw at once help for her here there was none; and miserable, remorseful, with a dull pain throbbing at her head and heart, she went upstairs to watch by her child. Just at midnight there came, what to every nurse is so terrible a sign—a hoarse, croaking sound in the little one's throat. Jennet did not know what it meant, but it alarmed her vaguely. She flew downstairs, awakened the boy who was the only male factotum in the Earlston's household, and sent him at once for the doctor. Then she returned to the nursery, and the two frightened women—Jennet and the young nurse—kept watch by the child, who became every moment more choked and peevish, till the doctor came. The medical verdict was serious; it was a bad case of croup, the kind, though he did not say so, of that terrible disease of childhood which generally proves fatal. With the strong calm of desperate courage Jennet did herself all that had to be done, with her own strong white hands, forcing the medicine down the choking little throat, and adhering to the doctor's instructions as rigidly as if she knew—what indeed was the case—that life or death depended on them. And all this time Lawrence Earlston lay sleeping a drunken sleep downstairs.

The doctor went away at last, promising to return in an hour. But the hour had not expired when Jennet saw a change was coming. The child's struggles became fainter and fainter; it was no longer life struggling with death. When the doctor returned, he could only stand and look on. Suddenly a terrible struggle for breath attacked the child; she wrestled with her little hands, her chest heaving agonizingly. Then Jennet knew the end was near. She turned to the sobbing nurse.

"Go down to the dining-room and waken Mr. Earlston, Jane. Tell him Tottie is dying."

She spoke in a harsh, unnatural voice. The girl obeyed, and a few minutes after Earlston, thoroughly sobered, with a white, strange look in his face, entered. He bent over the struggling child with one terrible cry.

"Tottie! Oh, my darling! Tottie!"

Another struggle for breath, and the child lay still, the terrible red gone out of her face, leaving it snowy white. The agonized look passed away, the chest heaved with two flattering sighs, and all was over! Peace had come upon the child—such peace as only death can bring, and in the presence of it neither father nor mother could utter a cry.

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The little girl had been carried to her resting-place, and the desolation of bereavement rested on the artist's home. Husband and wife had hardly seen each other since that terrible night; they had been kept apart, each with the thought that the other was accusing him or her in heart.

Lawrence Earlston sat gloomily before his easel, a glass of strong brandy before him. It was the only thing which could strengthen his hand he thought. The door opened, and, tall and stately, like a white lily than ever in her black garments, Jennet came in. Earlston looked up at her with haggard eyes.

"Don't accuse me," he cried, irritably, as she approached. "If one of us is guilty the other has no right to throw a stone."

Jennet fell back a moment, but only a moment. The old haughty look had gone out of her face, which was strangely soft and gentle, with a new light as of peace upon it. She came near her husband, and laid her hand upon his arm.

"God knows I do not wish to accuse you, Lawrence. How can I—I, who have lost the love of husband and the guardianship of child—" her voice broke a little—"through my own mad pride and temper? Forgive me, my husband, I have sinned."

A flush crossed Earlston's haggard face. He touched her hand lightly.

"Do you mean this, Jennet?"

"This, and much more, Lawrence; let me make confession to you." She knelt down beside his chair. With a quick movement, Earlston's hand was laid on her dark head. "But for my wicked pride, Lawrence, my child, my darling, who is gone to be with the angels, would be still with us! But that is not all. Had I been more patient, more loving with you, Lawrence, you never would have come to like that accursed thing"—she pointed to the brandy—"which has come like a serpent between us to sting us both. Lawrence, since my child died, I have seen all this, and I have prayed God to forgive me, and I think he has. Will you, too, my husband?"

"I have been a brute, Jen," said Earlston, huskily, using the old pet name of long ago; "it is I who should ask forgiveness of you. But you said just now you had lost my love. No, Jen, never! Through all my madness and folly, and your coldness, I have loved you."

He drew the dark head to him, and kissed it.

"And we will begin a new life this day, Jen. Here is the beginning of it."

He caught up the glass of brandy, and emptied it into the fire. Jennet said, eagerly—

"Lawrence, I am going to take Mrs. Lawrie's advice and become a total abstainer, will you?"

"I will, and with God's help, will never be anything else, Jennet. But we must ask His help, darling."

Husband and wife knelt down in the studio, and, for the first time for many years, Lawrence Earlston prayed. I think the feeling that his little angel-child was listening to him gave him strength to do it, for it is by many and faltering footsteps that we reach the throne of God, and he is not the first whom a little child's hand has led thither.

"Our dead child will be a more precious bond between us than our living one was," said Jennet with streaming eyes, as they rose from their knees. "She has brought us closer together, and, I trust, brought us closer to God."

And so she had. From that day Lawrence Earlston became a firm total abstainer, and he has remained so ever since. More than that, both husband and wife dated from then their first real giving up of themselves to the loving God, who had taken their little one to Himself. Neither of them has ever forgotten the day when, over the memory of their child's little grave, they had "kissed again with tears."—*League Journal.*

DO MISSIONS PAY?

They pay by whatever standard you apply. Is it the commercial standard? They are the best friends of commerce. They introduce the wants, the decencies, the refinements of civilization; they multiply the customers of the trading nations of the West, and they procure security for the trader. The mission of the Sandwich Islands was a costly effort to the American Board, but two years' profit of the annual commerce would cover all the outlay, and commerce was the fruit of the mission. Mr. Whitmee estimates that every missionary sent to the Southern Seas represents civilizing influences that issue in a trade of £10,000 a year. Is it the political standard? By confession of the government of India they are a strength to our rule, and a factor that is all but indispensable to the contentment, progress, and welfare of the people; and less than a century after our missionaries were forbidden on Indian soil, official Blue-books pronounced them the greatest benefactors of the country.—*Rev. W. F. Stevenson, D.D.*

THE SNOW ANGEL.

The sleigh-bells danced that winter night;
  Old Brattleborough rang with glee;
The windows overflowed with light;
  Joy ruled each hearth and Christmas tree.
But to one the bells and mirth were naught
His soul with deeper joy was fraught.
  He waited until the guests were gone;
  He waited to dream his dream alone;
    And the night wore on.

Alone he stands in the silent night;
  He piles the snow in the village square;
With spade for chisel, a statue white
  From the crystal quarry rises fair.
No light, save the stars, to guide his hand,
But the image obeys his soul's command.
  The sky is draped with fleecy lawn,
  The stars grow pale in the early dawn,
    But the lad toils on.

And lo! in the morn the people came
  To gaze at the wondrous vision there;
And they called it "The Angel," divining its name,
  For it came in silence and unaware.
It seemed no mortal hand had wrought
The uplifted face of prayerful thought;
  But its features wasted beneath the sun;
  Its life went out ere the day was done;
    And the lad dreamed on.

And his dream was this: In the years to be
  I will carve the angel in lasting stone;
In another land, beyond the sea,
  I will toil in darkness, will dream alone;
While others sleep I will find a way
Up through the night to the light of day.
  There's nothing desired 'neath star or sun
  Which patient genius has not won.
    And the boy toiled on.

The years go by. He has wrought with might;
  He as gained renown in the land of art;
But the thought inspired that Christmas night
  Still kept its place in the sculptor's heart;
And the dream of the boy that melted away
In the light of the sun that winter day,
  Is embodied at last in enduring stone,
  Snow angel in marble—his purpose won;
    And the man toils on.

—*Wallace Bruce, in Harper's Magazine.*

OUT OF TEMPER.

BY SYDNEY DAYRE

Alice entered her room with a scowl on her face and petulantly threw her books on the bed. It was very easy for her room-mate, who was busily engaged with her studies, to see that she was unusually annoyed and out of temper.

With quick, impatient movements she searched about the room.

"Seems to me your things take up a wonderful amount of room, Ruth," she said crossly.

"Do they," said Ruth, very pleasantly. "Well, I don't mean to take more than my share. I'll settle them back into closer quarters when I've done this lesson."

"You promised me you'd water my ivy this morning, when I was so busy," said Alice, in a voice which showed it a comfort to have something to find fault with. "It's all drying up."

"Oh, I forgot it. I'll do it this moment, Alice. I was thinking that I'd wash the leaves off, too, they always seem to me to shine out a thanksgiving for it. I'm sorry I didn't do it before, but I don't believe it's dry enough to hurt it."

"I wonder where my pencil is," said Alice, still continuing her hunt about the room. "I believe you have it, Ruth. That one looks exactly like mine."

"No it isn't, dear, but I'll help you look for yours."

She got up and searched industriously until Alice exclaimed:

"Oh, I believe I lent it to Janet Ware in the class-room. How I wish people would return things they borrow."

"Never mind," said Ruth, "I'll be done with my examples in a few minutes and then you can have mine."

"I wonder if you want the whole window," growled Alice, with an injured tone joining the cross one.

"Excuse me," cried Ruth, "what a rude thing I am to take it all! Come, Alice, there's plenty of room for both of us, I'm sure."

Alice fussed restlessly about for a few minutes longer and then seated herself near Ruth, looking so fixedly at her as to cause her presently to raise her eyes inquiringly.

"Are you always this kind of a girl?" asked Alice in answer to the look.

"What kind of a girl?"

"This kind. I came into the room fifteen or twenty minutes ago cross enough to drive anybody away from me. I've done nothing but snap at you and snarl at you and disturb and annoy you ever since I came. The girl I roomed with last would have gathered up her books with an air of high dignity and with a: 'When you are less disagreeable, Miss Garland, I will return,' would have swept majestically out of the room. And the girl before that would have given me snap for snap and snarl for snarl until we should have got into a first-rate quarrel and not spoken for days But you have given me a pleasant word for every crabbed one and a smile for every scowl. Why don't you give me as good as I send?"

Ruth laughed at the rattling speech, but a sober look took the place of the merriment as she said affectionately,

"Why, dear, I don't want to give the devil a stronger hold on you than he has already."

"What!"

THE SNOW ANGEL.
From statue by Larkin G. Meade.

"Yes, I mean it," said Ruth, unable to repress a smile at her room-mate's look of half horror, half amazement. "It sounds dreadfully, I know; but I learned it from one of the dearest old Christians I have ever seen, and she wouldn't say it if it wasn't so."

"What did she mean? And was it she that taught you to stand my ill-temper like an angel?"

"Oh, I fancy it would take more even than dear aunt Faith's teaching to make me angelic," said Ruth, laughing. "But I will try to tell you how she used to talk dear, and then you will understand what I mean.

"My mother died when I was a very little girl and left me, with my two brothers and two sisters, with no one but servants to look after us for several years. It is no use for me to tell you what a quarrelsome little set we grew to be. I don't know what ever would have become of us if aunt Faith hadn't come to take a little pity on us.

"I remember that one of the first things she tried to teach us was the beauty of loving and trying to be kind to each other. And she always made a special point of our being forbearing with anyone who was out of temper.

"'Don't sin against each other by making a bad matter worse, dears,' she would say. 'When we poor mortals give way to these evil tempers of ours'—the dear soul always said 'we' in talking to us; just as if she knew what it was to be in a bad temper!—'the devil gets a very strong hold on us. Do not let us, by word or deed, help him to make that hold stronger. What can be sweeter or more Christ-like than for us by our patience and forbearance to hold out a helping hand to those we love. Must not the devil rejoice when we, by irritating words, add fuel to the flame of anger burning in a poor heart?"

"Yes, indeed; she used very strong words, and she meant them," went on Ruth. "And I am sure they did us good. The time had been when a cross word from one of us would have set all the others on edge, and how we would sting and irritate each other!—we who ought to have loved each other all the more tenderly for being left motherless. But aunt Faith impressed it upon us that the Lord would hold us accountable for the sin which we made darker in the hearts of others, when we might, instead, help them over a rough place by a few gentle, patient words."

"It is a hard thing to do, though," said Alice; "but it's a pity that more of us girls don't think as you do about it, Ruth Time and again I've got into such a temper that—well, it's just as you say. It seemed as if the devil had me right in his grasp; as though I hadn't a bit of power except to say angry words. And then some one would sneer at me, and some one would tease me until I felt full of hate and bitterness and said the very worst things I could."

"Poor girl!" said Ruth, caressingly.

"Oh, I don't deserve your pity," said Alice, "for I've done the same by others often, and when I came in just now after being kept in for failing in my Latin, it would have been just so with me except for your blessed patience."

"Then let us try the better plan, dear," said Ruth, affectionately. "When we see people weak and ready to fall do not let us lay a stumbling-block in their way. Let us try what a kindly hand-grasp will do, and a word of good cheer to stir up the good in their hearts, and to help them trample down the evil, for the sake of the Master who bears so much from us."—*N. Y. Observer.*

CARRYING HELL TO THE HEATHEN.

A German paper illustrates the sort of civilization which Germany is introducing into Africa by pointing to the fact that since taking possession of the Cameroon country on the west coast, Germany has sent there 1,524,028 litres of rum, 37,800 bottles of gin, 1,588 old muskets, 1,000 cartridges, and 56,039 kilograms of tobacco. As an offset to the pernicious influence of these things the Fatherland has also sent a few missionaries to take the place of the English Baptist missionaries whose presence in the district was not wanted. The colonization of heathen lands by Christian nations ought to be a means of extending the blessings of the Gospel of Christ. The first result, however, is usually to degrade and not to elevate the poor heathen. Inferior races always learn the vices more readily than the virtues of superior races, and the trader in his keen thirst for gold keeps even pace with the missionary in his love for souls. The traders have the World, the Flesh, and the Devil all on their side, and they very soon outnumber the missionaries a hundred to one. Germany has unfortunately no monopoly of this bad work. France and Britain are just about as bad, and if America shows to any better advantage in the proportion of missionaries to spirits which she sends to heathen lands, it is probably because our national policy does not promote foreign commerce, and our manufactures of whiskey, tobacco, and arms have not therefore as good facilities for pushing business at a distance as European manufacturers have. Otherwise we could soon flood the whole heathen world with fire-water made from the cheap corn of our fertile prairies.

If for no other reason than to escape our share of the responsibility for the damnable work of sending the heathen to hell, let us abolish forever the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors in this land of Christ.—*N. Y. Witness.*

THE GOVERNOR OF FORMOSA, in starting a college, has chosen a missionary to inaugurate and organize the institution. Such a step would have been regarded as a miracle one generation ago. It is another proof added to the many others, that the cause of foreign missions is conquering prejudice and subsidizing kings and princes in the prosecution of its work.

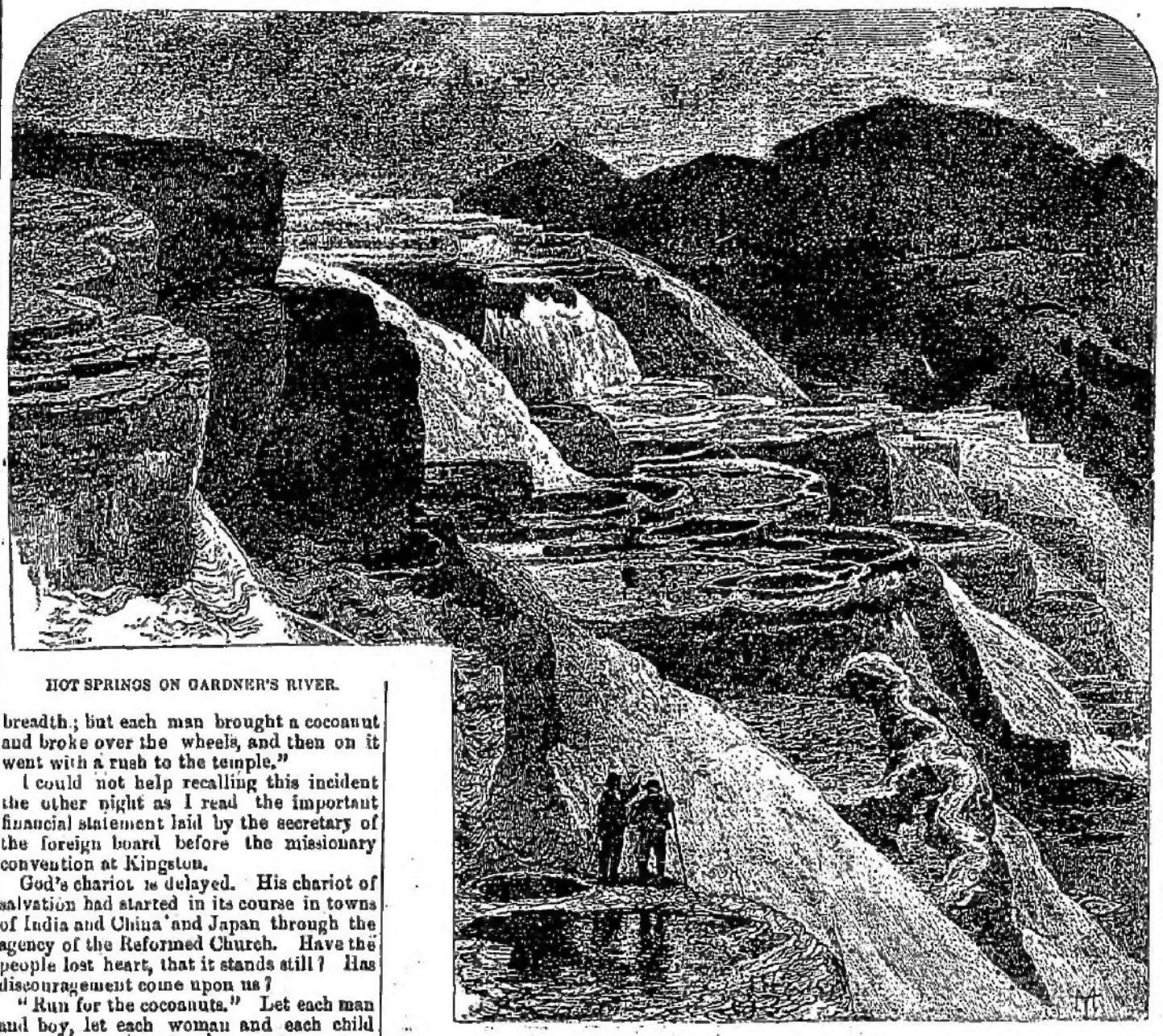
IT IS A MATTER of great importance that as soon as a child is able to read freely, he should possess a Bible of his own. At first the Bible may not be valued by the child for its own sake, and a part of our duty will be to teach him to take good care of it, and to help him in forming orderly habits of reading it. But we may help the child to a sense of value by the way in which the Bible is acquired.

PARENTS should if possible, give their children the advantages of a good, healthy library, and furnish them papers that respect the morals. Select the matter for your children. Take time, since the whole future of your son or daughter may lie directly in the literature which you may place before them. It is from what we read that we derive many of our thoughts and ideas, which influence many of our deeds and actions in after life. If our reading is pure, the thoughts obtained will likewise be pure, but if it is degrading in its nature, it will dull us down to a level with itself.

SCENES FROM THE YELLOWSTONE REGION.

Among the most striking scenes of the wonderland embraced in the famous Yellowstone region, says the *Illustrated Christian Weekly*, may be mentioned the Hot Springs on Gardiner's River, along the northern boundary of the area of 55 by 65 miles known as the Yellowstone Park. Rising from the spring basin, the water, exhibiting the colors of the most brilliant aniline dyes according to the geological quality of its channels, flows into natural basins and cools as it descends into the lower reservoirs. From four to six feet in diameter and one to four feet in depth, these basins, located in many instances upon terraces midway upon the sides of snowy mountains, present scenes of the most novel beauty. The largest living spring is twenty feet by forty, and its transparent water of azure tint combining with its coral-like surroundings, shading from pure white to creamy yellow, presents to the eye color-groupings of rare loveliness.

As novel perhaps is the effect produced at Tower Falls, 260 feet above the level of the Yellowstone River. Here lofty columns of volcanic breccia rise like towers and spires, extending above the top of the falls as high as fifty feet. Some of these stand on shore and are accessible to the adventurous climber, whose hardihood finds reward in views of inexpressible grandeur.



HOT SPRINGS ON GARDNER'S RIVER.

"BREAK COCOANUTS OVER THE WHEELS."

A story applicable to all missionary efforts as well as to that of the Reformed Church is told in the *Christian Intelligencer* by the Rev. Jacob Chamberlain, D.D.

It was twenty years ago. We had recently located in the heathen town of Madanapalle, India, to commence missionary work there.

The time for the annual drawing of the great idol car through the streets of the town and by the banks of the river had come. Multitudes of votaries from all the villages around, as well as from every street of the town, had assembled before the car. Great rope-cables were attached. Hundreds caught hold of the ropes. Up went the shout, "Hari! Hari! Hayi! Jayam!" "Vishnu! Vishnu! Joy and Victory!" "Now pull!" shouted the priests, and off went the three-storied car majestically through the streets, amid the joyous shouts of the thousands of spectators. On they followed it to the river bank. Libations were brought and poured over the car, and the multitudinous ceremonies performed.

Again, with similar shouts, they began the progress around by different streets, back to the great temple before which the car always reposed for the year. Half-way back and the car came to a stand. "Pull," shouted the priests. Pull they did. The ropes snapped with the strain. All the wheels were examined; no stones were in the way; everything seemed right. The ropes were tied and new ones added. More votaries caught the ropes. "All pull," shouted the priests. All bent to the effort. It would not move.

A pallor came over the crowd. "The god is angry and will not let his chariot move," was whispered along the streets. A feeling of dread shivered through the multitude. "Yes," shouted the chief priest from the car, "The god is angry. He will not move unless you propitiate him. Run all of you and bring cocoanuts and break over the wheels, and as the fragrant cocoanut milk runs down over the wheels the god will accept the libation and graciously allow his chariot to move on again. Run and each bring a cocoanut! Run!"

Men and boys ran for the cocoanuts; the residents to their houses, the villagers to the bazaars to buy or to their friends' houses to borrow. Each came back with his cocoanut, and broke it over one of the wheels. The cocoanut milk ran along the streets. "Hayi! Jayam," shouted the priests. "The god is now propitious." "Hayi! Jayam!" "Joy! Victory!" shouted the multitude. "Now pull all!" shouted the priests. The people took heart; dread passed away; confidence came. They seized the ropes and, with a shout that resounded in the hills a mile away, they gave a pull. Off went the car, and soon, with singing and dancing, they had it back in its wonted place. And as the crowd scattered to their village homes, the news ran through the country: "The car got set; they could not move it a finger-breadth.; but each man brought a cocoanut and broke over the wheels, and then on it went with a rush to the temple."

I could not help recalling this incident the other night as I read the important financial statement laid by the secretary of the foreign board before the missionary convention at Kingston.

God's chariot is delayed. His chariot of salvation had started in its course in towns of India and China and Japan through the agency of the Reformed Church. Have the people lost heart, that it stands still? Has discouragement come upon us?

"Run for the cocoanuts." Let each man and boy, let each woman and each child bring what would be to them the equivalent in value of a cocoanut to the poor Hindu as an offering to the Lord, and the chariot will move joyously on.

Had one rich Hindu given a thousand cocoanuts to break over the wheels of the idol car, the effect would not have been at all the same. Each one of the throng made an offering. Each one felt that he had a share in it. Each one took courage. Each one shouted. Each one pulled and on went the car.

The missionary chariot halts. Many villages are pleading for a missionary or a native preacher. Young men and women, eight of them, are offering to go out to the different missions. Heathen schools are offered to the missionary to introduce the Bible in. Young converts ask to be trained to be preachers to their kindred. Every mail tells our board of onward steps that should be taken. The board cannot reply, "Go on," for debt stares them grimly in the face.

Shall this continue so? Dare we let the Lord's chariot halt? Oh, that every one of the eighty thousand members of the Reformed Church, every one of the ninety thousand children enrolled in our Sunday-schools, every one of the two hundred thousand adherents, who enjoy the weekly ministrations of our sanctuaries here in this gospel land, would hasten to bring in an offering if not more than the value of a cocoanut, and then with a heart in the work they would unitedly send up a pæan of praise and a shout of joy and victory, and God would be pleased and his chariot would move on right gloriously.

Our harvests have been plentiful. Let us put God to the proof. "Bring ye all the tithes into the store-house, and prove me now herewith, said the Lord of Hosts, if I will not open the windows of heaven and pour you out a blessing that there shall not be room enough to receive it."

Let the cocoanuts come. Who brings the first? What church sends one for every man, woman and child on its roll? "Please answer soon."

TEN THOUSAND of the greatest faults in our neighbors are of less consequence to us than one of the smallest in ourselves.—*Archbishop Whately.*

IN THE RAILWAY ACCIDENT.

BY BELLE V. CRISHOLM.

A lady who was wounded in the Chatsworth disaster was in the rear car with her husband when the accident occurred. A short time after they left Persia a party of six young people entered, and in order that they might have seats together the lady and her husband removed to the far end of the car. Their courtesy saved their lives, for the young man and his bride, who took the places so kindly given up, were both instantly killed a few hours later. The lady says that she thinks the young people belonged to a choir of concert singers, and were now off for recreation and rest. They were all very merry, and sang and laughed and told stories—anticipating the pleasures of the journey—until late in the night. Nearly every one in the car except the joyful party was quiet when some one requested the young bride to sing "Sweet hour of prayer." At first there was a tremor in the sweet voice, but it grew stronger as she proceeded. When—

"In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief,"

rang out clear and firm, other voices instinctively joined in the old familiar song. People awakened out of their sleep, sat upright or leaned forward to catch the plaintive words that trembled upon the pure, young lips.

As the train sped on in the darkness, far down the track the gleam of the death-dealing fire appeared, but the voices that swelled forth in a glad burst of song—

"Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God! to thee."

faltered not at the danger into which the train, laden with its precious freight of human souls, was unconsciously plunging.

Faster sped the chariot of death down the grade, and sweeter, more triumphant, welled the song,

"There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven."

Ah! if the singers had only known it, the way was already in sight, and perhaps,

"All that thou sendest me,
In mercy given;"

would have been more of a sigh than a song.

Then, with only an inch of time between them and the life beyond—even when brave M'Clintock, steady at his post, was giving his last desperate wrench to the throttle of his engine that had never failed him before, the sweet singers sang their farewell earth-song, sang to their God, who, even in this dark hour, still kept the everlasting arms around about and underneath them:

"Angels to beckon me,
Nearer, my God! to thee."

As if in answer to the prayer they breathed, with the glad refrain still echoing through the air, the crash came, the life-work of each was finished.

"So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God! to thee,"

was not ended on earth, for right into the very jaws of death rushed the screaming engines, and then, like a bolt of Jove, the cars crashed through each other, killing and crushing as the foot grinds the worm. It took but a moment to pile that heap of splintered timbers, and broken bones, and bleeding flesh, but death was there, just as certainly, surrounded by all that tends to make it terrible, and among the mangled corpses lay the six singers, not in their dreams, but in reality, nearer their God than ever before.

Inquiry elicited the fact that these merry young people had a right to be joyful, for they were all servants of the blessed Master, and could have completed the song as they went down into the valley of death:

"Or if, on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God! to thee,
Nearer to thee."

—*Presbyterian Observer.*

AN AMERICAN REGULATION.

General Hayes, while President of the United States, issued a General Order in regard to drinking in the army. The regulation affirmed—"That no person addicted to drinking can expect to be trusted with any responsible duty, and a person who cannot be trusted had better not be continued in office."

"I SAY WHAT I THINK."

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

"I say what I think," says the valiant man,
With a voice and a look of daring,
Determined to act on a selfish plan,
And for nobody's comfort caring—
"I say what I think"; and at every chance
This impulse of his obeying,
'Tis plain to be seen at a single glance
He doesn't think what he's saying.

Oh, many an arrow will reach the heart
For which it was never intended,
If a careless marksman wings the dart,
And the hurt can never be mended;
And many a friendship may be lost,
And many a love-link broken,
Because of neglect to count the cost
Of words that are lightly spoken.

"I say what I think." Ah! the truly great,
Who give their wisdom expression
In chosen phrases, would hesitate
To make such a rash confession.
For think what injuries might be wrought,
What evils we could not smother,
If everybody said what they thought
Without regard to each other!

To say what you think is a noble thing
When your voice for the right is needed,
To speak out your mind with a loyal ring
When order and law are impeded;
But the evil thoughts that flow through the brain
And the heart should be retarded,
For we lessen the tide of grief and pain
When our speech is carefully guarded.

You may think what you choose, nor give offence—
Be a traitor, and not display it;
And if you're deficient in common-sense,
By silence you'll not betray it.
And let it be written in blackest ink,
For the good of each son and daughter,
That those who always say what they think
Are most of the time in hot water.

CHRISTIAN AT THE CROSS.

Now I saw in my dream that the highway, up which Christian was to go, was fenced on either side with a wall, and that wall was called Salvation. Up this way, therefore, did burdened Christian run, but not without great difficulty, because of the load on his back.

He ran thus till he came at a place somewhat ascending, and upon that place stood a cross, and a little below in the bottom a sepulchre. So I saw in my dream, that just as Christian came up with the cross, his burden loosed from off his shoulders, and fell from off his back, and began to tumble, and so continued to do till it came to the mouth of the sepulchre, where it fell in and I saw it no more.

Then was Christian glad and lightsome, and said with a merry heart, he hath given me rest by his sorrow, and life by his death. Then he stood still awhile to look and wonder, for it was very surprising to him that the sight of the cross should thus ease him of his burden. He looked, therefore, and looked again, even till the springs that were in his head sent the waters down his cheeks. Now, as he stood looking and weeping, behold three shining ones came to him, and saluted him with "Peace be to thee." So the first said to him, "Thy sins be forgiven;" the second stripped him of his rags, and clothed him with a change of raiment; the third also set a mark upon his forehead, and gave him a roll with a seal upon it, which he bid him look on as he ran, and that he should give it in at the celestial gate; so they went their way. Then Christian gave three leaps for joy, and went on singing

"Thus far did I come loaden with my sin,
Nor could aught ease the grief that I was in,
Till I came hither: what a place is this!
Must here be the beginning of my bliss?
Must here the burden fall from off my back?
Must here the strings that bound it to me crack?
Blest cross! blest sepulchre! blest rather be
The Man that there was put to shame for me!"

—*Pilgrim's Progress.*

A CHANGE.

BY OLIVE E. DANA.

Mrs. Benton was tired, and she was nervous. She was also, in consequence, somewhat depressed and discouraged. She was, in addition, very busy, for the short days seemed overrunning with inevitable recurring tasks. Not only were the meals to get, the house to set in order, the dishes to wash but the winter at hand imposed upon her burdens of needed sewing,—making and altering and repairing. And she was, moreover, one of those necessarily economical people, of whom it is true at any season that

"Always between her and idleness
The mending-basket lies."

"The days are pretty much alike!" she sighed, on this particular gray and chilly morning. There was dinner to get for husband and children and work-folks. The house, at half-past eight, bore traces of the hasty departure school-ward of two or three impatient young people. She had been up at six, but her kitchen was not yet in order; for she had left her work to help the youngest, the household darling, find her mislaid mittens. A little baking must be done before noon, and the afternoon must be free of kitchen interruptions, for several needed garments waited her needle and her finishing touches. One, in particular, must be done that day. And when you add that there were various other demands on her time, in the form of solicitations for church and benevolent enterprises, you will not wonder that our sister felt driven, hurried, and worried.

"But I wouldn't mind it so much," she thought, "if there was only a little change or variety once in a while. I've no time to go out,—John would say, 'Take time;' but I've not the time to take. And besides, I can't or won't, tell him that I haven't anything suitable to wear out making calls, or to a church sociable, or hardly to church, though I do go to meeting. And I'm mostly too tired to go, if I had."

At ten o'clock Mrs. Benton found she could snatch a few moments for her sewing. But, taking up her work, she soon discovered that she must have a yard or two more of the material. "How provoking! This dress must be done to-day; and the children just gone, too. I could even have sent a note by John, with the sample, to Mr. Johnson. And I remember now there was only a little over a dress-pattern left. I can't do without it, and I'm afraid it's all sold now. Perhaps I can manage to hurry down to the store myself and get it, and get back in time for my biscuit baking I'll put on a veil, it's so cold, and I can't stop to talk with anyone."

So, in a very few minutes, she was hurrying down the street. Just ahead were two ladies whom she recognized, but, as she had said, she had no time to talk, herself, with anyone. They were conversing very earnestly.

"I am so sorry for them! It must be such a change? I must call, but I dread to go there, the house will seem so different, with no little child in it!"

"And he was such a bright little thing! A singularly winning child, yet a very busy little fellow. He quite filled his mother's hand, I used to think."

"And it came so suddenly! I hear she is quite heart-broken."

They turned a corner here, and Mrs. Benton hurried on. She knew well the afflicted mother of whom they had been speaking. As she lifted her veil just before entering the store, a friend met her and held out welcoming hands. She, too, was tired and pale as Mrs. Benton herself.

"I've been watching with Miss Colburn. Poor thing! she suffers so, and the family are quite worn out. She can't last much longer, I am afraid. But she wants so to live, and they cannot bear to tell her. Indeed, they hardly realize themselves how near a change may be. But I mustn't detain you, nor stop myself—good bye!"

But before Mrs. Benton could enter the store, another acquaintance saluted her. She had made a call this morning.

"On an errand, it was. My niece is coming to Riverton to be book-keeper at Lym's, and she wants me to get her a boarding-place. So I went to Mrs. Emery's. You know, since her husband went away and came home crippled, she has to maintain herself that way, and support the family. I pity her; she isn't used to hard work, or to providing. Few women are. And it's a hard change for her."

Would people never be done talking of changes? Mrs. Benton asked herself the question impatiently, yet not without remorseful recollections of her own bitterly repining thoughts. "No, no!" she whispered, earnestly. "I don't want a change. I'll never say I do again."

But one other reproving reminder awaited her. As she waited the movements of the leisurely clerk, she heard, brokenly, a conversation going on behind her, between the proprietor and another gentleman.

"There couldn't be any other verdict nor a lighter sentence. These defalcations are getting so common, leniency, for any reason, isn't to be thought of. He owned up, and helped them straighten things round, and took his sentence like a man. Pity his manliness hadn't come to the front a little earlier! None suspected it, the family had always stood so high. Never had a stain on the name before. Well, their heads have come down now. I'm sorry for 'em, though. It's pretty hard, sir!"

"Yes, it would be hard, anyway; but, as you say, it will be such a change for them to be in disgrace and looked down on, 'twill be doubly hard"

These people, too, she knew—their dire misfortune and dishonor. Why had she not remembered what sad, sad changes were all about her, nay, might even threaten her home? What were care, poverty, work, monotonous, irksome grinding though it seemed, to such change as this? How good it was to have husband, children, friends, for whom to toil. What better things could life hold, she wondered, than such dear service?

These thoughts, and others like them, were ringing in her heart as she hurried homeward. And, there again, the heaviest tasks and most exacting cares seemed very sweet and precious. And for a long time afterward, Mrs. Benton could hardly hear without a shudder, those two significan words—"a change."—*Morning Star.*

A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

John Ruskin, in his autobiography, tells of the foundation on which the character of this remarkable man was reared. It was the work of his mother.

"After our chapters (from two to three a day, according to their length), the first thing after breakfast (and no interruptions from servants allowed, none from visitors, who either joined in the reading or had to stay upstairs, and none from any visitings or excursions, except real travelling), I had to learn a few verses by heart, or repeat to make sure I had not lost something of what was already known; and, with the chapters thus gradually possessed from the first to the last, I had to learn the whole body of the fine old Scotch paraphrases, which are good, melodious, and forceful verses, and to which, together with the Bible itself, I owe the first cultivation of my ear in sound."

Mr. Ruskin prints his mother's list of the chapters "with which, thus learned, she established my soul in life." It is as follows: Exodus, chapters xv. and xx.; 2 Samuel i.; from the 17th verse to the end; 1 Kings, chapter viii.; Psalms, chapter xxiii., xxxii., xc., xci., ciii., cxii., cxix., cxxxix; Proverbs, chapters ii., iii., viii., xii.; Isaiah, chapter lviii.; Matthew, chapters v., vi., vii.; Acts, chapter xxvi.; 1 Corinthians, chapters xiii., xv., James, chapter iv.; Revelations, chapters v., vi. And truly (Mr. Ruskin says) "though I have picked up the elements of a little further knowledge—in mathematics, meteorology, and the like, in after life—and owe not a little to the teaching of many people, this maternal installation of my mind in that property of chapters I count very confidently the most precious, and on the whole, the one essential part of all my education."

PAUL'S DIRECTION in respect to erring brethren is in these words: "Brethren, if a man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritual, restore such a one in the spirit of meekness, considering thyself lest thou also be tempted." A great many evils exist in the Church of Christ that would be quietly and happily cured if this rule of dealing with erring brethren were universally observed.

THE MILL DAM BLOCKADE.

BY MRS. ANNIE A. PRESTON.

"Those young men will get themselves into trouble yet," said Mrs. Ainsworth to her son Tom, as she glanced out at a group of noisy fellows sitting on the rocks above the mill-dam overlooking her little cottage.

Tom's glance followed her own, and presently he closed his book, took up his hat, and started to go out.

"Are you going up there again to-night, Tom?" she asked. "I wish you would not. I very much dislike the appearance of that Jerry Rawlins, and as he strolls past here with his swaggering companions I have heard language that I do not at all approve. Why do you associate with them, my son?"

"I hardly know," replied the young man. "They seem to expect me to do so. They are jolly fellows about my own age, and that Jerry Rawlins is as droll as a comic almanac and a minstrel show and a circus clown, all put together—he gets off the greatest stories."

"Better stories and more helpful than you can get out of your books, Tom?"

"Not at all the same kind, and of course, mother, I know they are not in any way helpful, but a young fellow must have some let-up."

"Go out in the back-yard and turn a handspring," said Tom's sister Alice, passing through the room, "and then come to walk with me. I have got to go over the river to call on Ella Parkes, one of my scholars who is sick, and I must walk a mile around just on account of the mill dam being blockaded by those fellows; there isn't a girl in town who would dare venture within earshot. Look up at them; the smoke from their pipes and cigars hangs like a cloud against the gold of the sunset, and I can't help thinking the cloud is much more dense by the vile language and the oaths that are ejected with the smoke. I should like to have you go out with me, Tom, to prove to the town that you have not entirely gone over to the majority of hoodlums, that seems to be the controlling element among the village boys just now."

"Run up and get on your things," said Tom, looking admiringly at the lively girl. "You are talking too much for a school-ma'am who has to be using her voice all day," and as she tripped away his mother said,

"Do you fancy such company more than you do the society you find at home and in your own social circle?"

"No, mother, but it stands a fellow in hand if he intends to make a business man of himself to be popular with everybody, and I don't like to have these chaps think that I feel above them because I happen to have a good situation and they are not earning anything just now. Some of them used to be our very best boys, you know."

"They might all have work if they would accept the company's terms, I suppose."

"Oh, yes, of course, but the leaders of the strike will not allow the others to give in."

"And the leaders are this droll Jerry Rawlins and his companions, who six months ago came as strangers to the village, and by their comic songs and circus jokes have succeeded in getting a following of our village boys. Now, Jem, you have given me no good reason for going with these fellows, and that in my opinion makes one good reason why you should not associate with them. If you find them so entertaining it is a pity that your mother and sisters should lose the fun; suppose you run over and invite them in here to spend the evening."

"Mother!" exclaimed the young man in astonishment, "you know that is impossible."

"Not at all; my children are equally precious in my sight. Good men are just as much needed in the world as good women. You have decided this case against yourself. There is another point from which to look at this matter. 'Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do.' Those fellows cannot live without some kind of an income. They must have money; if not honestly, why, then dishonestly. It is easy to be wise after some dreadful event has happened, but then it is too late."

John flushed and his mother saw it. "You are a wise little woman," he said; "you would see mischief through a millstone."

"Yes, if it was to harm my own children."

"Ready, sis," he called from the foot of the stairs, and was presently walking down the street with his sister.

His appearance on the street at that hour was hailed with surprise, and he was chagrined at being asked several times how it happened that he was not over with the blockade.

At the house where they called the mother of the young girl who was ill exclaimed, "Well, I am glad to know that the report I have heard that you were out every night with Jerry Rawlins and his crew was a mistake, but some of the village boys have been drawn in with them, I suppose."

"It is a mystery how they live," said a talkative neighbor, who had just run in.

"Not to me," said Mrs. Parker "They are keeping house in that old shed down in the valley that used to be a grist-mill. Few people know it, I suppose, but it is only a short distance from here across the orchard and pasture. We have no doubt, my husband and I, that this gang are the perpetrators of the petty thieving that has been going on for months in this and adjacent towns. Their larder must be supplied in some way. A dozen great, hearty fellows can't live on air, and the labor organizations are not going to support them all this time"

"Where is the old mill of which these drones have made a hive? I never heard about it before," said Tom, as he and his sister were taking leave, and Mrs. Parker replied:

"It is a half mile below here in the gully, but you can see it if you will go out through our garden and orchard to the edge of the ravine near that large hemlock tree. It is a lovely spot, but you must have a care to not fall over the ledge. The end of the great dam is there, you know. It is where the course of the stream was changed; as you look down you will see the bed of the old channel. The mill is among the hemlocks far below. I dare say you can see the roof shining in the moonlight.

"Let us go around there," said Tom, as he and his sister left the house. "The daylight has not quite gone, and the full moon is just up." So they walked quietly over the soft orchard turf, listening to the notes of a whip-poor-will that was sending forth his plaintive cry from the deep wood far down the stream.

"Hark!" whispered Tom presently. "What is that? Do you hear that noise like a stonecutter's chisel? Wait here just a minute," and he crept under the low hanging hemlock boughs to the very edge of the abyss. The moon's rays shone bright and full into the channel. Up above and around the bend of the dam he could hear Jerry Rawlins singing a plantation melody, while far below three or four of the fellows were hard at work weakening the dam. The cold chill ran down his spine. He understood now the meaning of the deep threats he had heard against the corporation. He had wondered if they intended to burn the mills, and had quieted his conscience with the reasoning that it was idle talk, and they would not dare do anything of the kind. Now he knew that every night after the water was shut off a part of the gang blockaded the dam to keep intruders away, and to act as spies while the others worked at their scheme.

He was in the employment of the corporation. Should this dam give way his life would not be worth as much as that of the whip-poor-will still singing in the glen.

The gang was broken up next day, several arrests were made and there was great excitement in the village.

"I tell you," said Tom, as he came home to dinner, "Jerry Rawlins' friends are all shaking in their shoes, and I should have been as nervous as any of them if some one else had discovered and reported their scheme."

After these events happened every one was free to say that they had had their own suspicians of that Jerry Rawlins, and all comforted themselves and each other with the assurance that happily no harm had been done.

"Harm has been done," said Tom one day. "It harms every young person to keep low company, they can not escape moral contamination. This experience will serve as a warning to me never again to associate with any person, however amusing I may find him, that I would not be willing to invite to my own home and introduce to my own mother and sisters."

All young men will find this a safe balance in which to weigh their companions.—*Christian at Work.*

Question Corner.—No. 21.

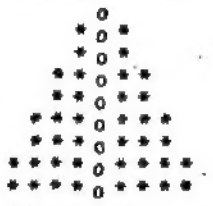
BIBLE QUESTIONS.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

1. From what town of the Philistines did a giant come, the staff of whose spear was like a weaver's beam?
2. Who was made king over all the tribes of Israel, excepting Judah, on the death of Saul?
3. In Nathan's parable to David concerning the wife of Uriah, what was it that the poor man possessed and prized which was taken by the rich man?
4. By what brook did the two hundred men stay who were too faint to accompany David in his pursuit of the Amalekites?
5. A tree that proved a gallows to a king's son.
6. A king of the Amalekites whom Samuel killed, saying that, as his sword had made many childless, so should his mother be childless.

The whole is the mountain where Saul and his three sons were slain.

BIBLICAL PYRAMID.



1. A letter of the alphabet.
2. An emblem of the watchful care of God.
3. A number.
4. An animal mentioned in Revelation.
5. A bird mentioned in Deuteronomy.
6. A wise king of Israel.
7. Ten great Egyptian calamities.
8. A king mentioned in Esther.
9. Is what our lives should be.

The central word, read downward, is a place of worship often mentioned in the Bible.

William H Densmore, Westfield, Ont., some few years ago set to work to discover the number of times the words "Lord" and "God" were mentioned in the Bible. For this purpose, he writes us, he has read the whole of the Old Testament through five times, making a record as he went along, of the words in each book and chapter, and a few days ago he sent us the results of his work. The word "Lord," he says, is mentioned 6,501 times; "God," 2,509; "Lord God," 532; "God the Almighty," 7; and "Jehovah," 8. The word "lord" as applying to false gods he finds mentioned 239; and "god," meaning false gods, 288 times. He is now at work on the New Testament for a similar purpose and will let us know when he has finished.

We would like to hear from more of the young people who work from time to time on these Bible Questions. Send us your answers as you get them, and send also questions of your own for the other young Bible students to look up. Your own name and address need not be published with them unless you wish, but should always be upon every letter you send.

ED. "NORTHERN MESSENGER."

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN LAST NUMBER.

1. See, 1 Kings 11. 29 31.
2. Shishak, king of Egypt. 1 Kings 14.25, 26.

SCRIPTURE CHARACTER.

Ruth.

1. 2. Ruth i. 4.
3. *Ruth* i. 16.
4. Ruth ii 18.
5. Ruth iv. 10.
6. Matt. i. 5.

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